8.

A

PANEGYRIQUE

Humbly Addreſt to the

Kings Moſt Excellent Majeſty:

ON

His Auſpicious Meeting His Two Houſes

OF

PARLIAMENT,

February the 4th. 5th. 167 2/3.

And His Moſt Gratious

SPEECH

There Delivered on that Occaſion.

By *R. W.*

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A PANEGYRIQUE TO His Sacred Majesty OF GREAT BRITTAIN.

GReat *SIR*! When e'r your *Gracious Voyce* we hear
Ravisht we stand, and wish our selves *all Ear*;
Your *Speech*, which equal *Joy* and *Wonder* breeds,
Can be *Excell'd* by nothing but your *Deeds*;
Those Glorious *Deeds* Heaven sent you here to Act,
To Scourge the *Insolent*, and *Good* Protect;
While with a *strong*, and yet a *gentle* hand,
You *Bridle* Nations, and our *Hearts* Command:
Secure us from *Our selves*, and from the *Foe*,
Make us *Unite*, and make us *Conquer* too
Those *Fiercer Factions* which Mens *Souls* did move,
Are by your *Favour* Reconcil'd in Love:
And now our only *Strife* is to Outvye
Each other in the Fruits of *Loyalty*.

When *Fate* or *Error* had our Age miſled,
And o're theſe Kingdomes black *Confuſion* ſpred,
The only *Cure* which could from Heaven come,
Was ſo much *pow'r* and *Clemency* in *One*;
The *Genius* of our Nation, with diſdain
Beheld thoſe *Puppets* which Uſurp'd your Raign;
But long'd, (with their *Strange Madneſſes* oppreſt,)
Upon your *Boſome* its ſick *Head* to reſt:
So when a *Lyon* ſhakes his Dreadful Mayn,
And angry grows, let *Him* that firſt took pain
To tame his youth, Approach, the Haughty Beaſt
Will *bend* to him, but *fright* away the reſt.

By *ſweet*, yet *ſecret Politicks* you Raign,
Which *Forraign Stateſmen* Pry into in vain;
The Nations Ancient *Honour* you encreaſe,
And Heal, as well with *Needful Wars*, as *Peace*:
Heav'n, that hath plac'd this *Iſland*, to give Law,
To Ballance *Europe*, and her *States* to Aw;
In this Conjuncture doth on *Brittain* ſmile,
The *Greateſt Soveraign*, and the *Greateſt Iſle*:
Some think *this Portion* of the VVorld, was Rent
By the rude Ocean, from the *Continent*;
But whilſt your *Forces* with the *French* Combine,
You make the *Lands* more *Terribly* to *Joyne*.

Fame ſwifter than your winged *Navy* flies
Through ev'ry Land that near the *Ocean* lies,
Sounding your *Name*, and telling dreadful News
To all that *Pyracy* and *Rapine* uſe;

Algeirs

Algiers with trembling Knees for *Peace* does begg,
Undone by'th Valour of your Noble *Spragg*:
And *greater Pyrates* too, much nearer home,
VVho thought to *graſpe* a pow'r great as old *Rome*;
Striving to carry all *Commerce* away,
And make the *Univerſe* their *only* Prey:
Are now forc'd to *Diſgorge*, and ſadly find
Nature has *You*, *Lord of the Seas* deſign'd.

VVith ſuch a *Chief*, the meaneſt Nation, bleſt,
Might hope to lift her *Head* above the reſt;
VVhat may be thought *Impoſſible* to do
For us, embraced by the *Sea* and *You*:
Lords of the worlds *great waſt*, the *Ocean*, we
VVhole *Forreſts* ſend to range upon the Sea:
And ev'ry Coaſt may *trouble* or *Relieve*,
But none can *viſit* us without *your* leave.
Angels and we have this Prerogative,
That none can at our happy Seat Arrive:
Whilſt we *diſcend* at Pleaſure to Invade
The *bad* with vengeance, and our *friends* to aid:
Our *little VVorld*, the Image of the great,
Like that amidſt the *boundleſs Ocean* ſet,
Of her own *growth* hath all that *Nature* craves,
And all that's *rare*, as *Tribute* from the *VVaves*:
As *Ægypt* does not on the *Clouds* rely,
But to her *Nile* owes more than to the *ſky*:
So what our *Earth*, and what our *Heav'n* denies,
Our ever conſtant Friend *the Sea* ſupplies:
That *friend* whom whilſt baſe *Neighbours* ſeek to gain,

Your *Thunder* with their *blood Purples* the Main:
The Taſt of *hot Arabian Spice* we know
Free from the *ſcorching Sun* that makes it grow:
Without the *VVorm*, in *Perſian Silks* we ſhine,
And without *Planting*, drink of ev'ry *Vine*:
To Digg for *VVealth*, we *weary* not our Limbs,
Gold, though the *heavieſt* Mettal, hither *Swims*:
Ours is the *Harveſt* where the *Indians Mow*,
We *Plow* the Deep, and *Reap* what others *Sow*:
Things of the *Nobleſt kind* our own Soil breeds,
Stout are our *Men*, and Warlike are our *Steeds*:
Rome, though her Eagle through the world had flown,
Could never make this *Iſland all* her own:
Here the *Third Edward*, and the *black Prince* too,
Victorious *Henry* flouriſht, and now *You*:
For whom, *Proud Dutch*, (reſerv'd, like the *Greek* State,
Till *Alexander* came to urge their Fate)
Muſt make *New Trophies*, which the Couq'ring hands
Of *Mighty York*, or (who in's ſted Commands)
The *Matchleſs Rupert* from the Sea do bring,
To Adorn the *Triumphs* of our Glorious King:
Whilſt moſt *Heroick Montmouth*, to add more,
Tranſplants the *Laurels* of the *Belgian* Shore.

Yet need your *Foes* not *Dread* (if they'l *Submit*)
Your *Power*, you with ſuch *Sweetneſs* Temper it:
Prefer'd by *Conqueſt*, happily o'rethrown,
Falling they'l *Riſe*, to be with us made one.
That *Aiery Liberty*, whereof they Boaſt
Is but a *Spacious Shadow* at the moſt:

For

For they'l find on a *juſt Account* of things
No *Freedom*, like the *Rule* of Pious *Kings*:
So kind *Dictators* made, when they came Home,
Their *Vanquiſht Foes*, Free Citizens of *Rome*,
Leſs Pleaſure take, *brave ſouls*, in Battails won,
Than in *reſtoring* thoſe that are *Undone*:
Tygers have *Courage*, and the *rugged* Bare,
But Man *alone* can, whom he Conquers *ſpare*;
To *Pardon* willing, and to *Punish* loth,
You ſtrike with *one* Hand, but you Heal with *both*;
Lifting up all that Proſtrate lye, you grieve
You cannot make the *Dead* again to Live:
Whilſt your Arms make *your Stubborn* Foes to fall,
Your *Gracious Favours* needs muſt Conquer all.

What you have done *already* is well known,
And we with *humbleſt Gratitude* muſt own;
When in your *Royal Robes*, you lately went
To meet your *Kind and Dutious Parliament*,
(That *healing Senate*, which all Storms can Calme,
And cure the Nation with its *Acts* of Balme:)
Bleſſings and Pray'rs were ſent to Heav'n aloud,
By *ev'ry* Member of the Gazeing Croud:
No ſooner that *Illuſtrious body* ſaw
Their *Deareſt Soveraign*, but a *Loveing Awe*
Shines in each Face, and with a *greedy Ear*
Receives thoſe *Oracles* he utter'd there:
Their *Grateful Duties* ſtreight the *Cauſe* Eſpouſe,
As Highly Juſt to make our *Lyon* Rouſe:
They Thank His *Royal Cares* ſo much 'has done,
And *Vote ſupplies* for what there is to come.

Ah! *bleſsed fruits*! ſuch happy *Union* brings,
The Loyalſt Subjects with the beſt of Kings:
Subjects that to maintain this *needful* Warr,
Freely will *part* with what *he* fain would ſpare:
Their *publique Purſe* they offer ----*Let all go*,
Rather then *Truckle* to'th encroaching *Foe*:
When our *Kings Honour*, and our *Countries good*
Is touch'd, we value neither *Coyn* nor *Blood*:
Curſed be he, thoſe *Sacred bonds* that parts,
" *Kings greateſt Treaſures, are their Subjects Hearts*:
And there your *Majeſty* hath ſuch a ſhare,
No *Earthly Monarch* may with you Compare.

But our *Weak Muſe* begs Pardon, that ſhe dare
I'th Face of *Dazling Majeſty* appear:
She only ment, her *own full Joys* to ſing,
Succeeding *Times*, ſhall *Bays* and *Olive* bring
To Crown your *head*, whilſt you in Triumph Ride
O're Vanquiſht *Nations*, and the *Sea* beſide:
Whilſt all the *Neighbouring States* ſhall unto *You*,
Like *Joſephs* Sheaves, pay Reverence, and *Bowe*.

ITER BOREALE.

FINIS.

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